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EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES.



The Outer Case.

The Embalmed Body.

WHIMPS

EGYPTIAN MUMMY AND CASE, IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES.

I.

IN these days of discovery and research, *Egypt and its Antiquities* have received no small share of attention from travellers, and from those who, in the spirit of quiet and earnest investigation at home, are still throwing light on what has hitherto been obscure. Though it would be idle to deny the *Learning of the Egyptians*, it has been very much like a sealed book, with regard to whose contents conjecture has been thoughtfully employed. Judging, however, of the mighty undertakings of that extraordinary people, from what we now see of their relics, but left in the dark as to the mode in which they executed their operations on so grand a scale, we may fairly conclude, that certain inventions and improvements in arts and manufactures, which we call modern, were practised by them; and that, on the other hand, many valuable attainments familiar to the Egyptians, have become, by lapse of years, wholly forgotten, and are therefore concealed from us.

ANCIENT THEBES, AND ITS TEMPLES.

THE CITY OF THEBES was, perhaps, the most astonishing work ever performed by the hand of man. Its ruins afford the most positive proof of the ancient civilization of Egypt. The origin of this famous place is lost in the obscurity of time, it being coeval with the nation which first took possession of the country. Its extent was vast; though its *hundred gates*, immortalized by Homer, and often interpreted as the gates of the city, may possibly have been the gates of the temples, or of the palaces of its princes. D'Anville and Denon state its circumference to have been thirty-six miles; its diameter not less than ten and a half. The number of inhabitants was in proportion to these dimensions. Diodorus says, that the houses were four and five stories high. Although Thebes had greatly fallen from its former splendour at the time of Cambyses the Persian, it was the fury of this merciless conqueror that gave the last blow to its grandeur, about 520 years before the Christian era. He pillaged its temples, and carried away the ornaments of gold, silver, and ivory. Before this period, no city in the world could be compared with it in size, beauty, and wealth; and, according to the expression of Diodorus, The sun had never seen so magnificent a city.

The temple of Karnac, the most considerable monument of ancient Thebes, was not less than a mile and a half in circumference. It is not intended here to furnish an account of this extraordinary building, from the still mighty ruins of which, we may gather evidence of what it once was; but we may observe, as the most striking circumstance connected with the place, that a portion of the structure is considered to be more than four thousand years old, or 2272 years before the coming of Christ.

Speaking of this magnificent edifice, and of the enormous sphinxes and other figures, into an avenue of which he had entered, Belzoni says in his enthusiastic style, "I was lost in a mass of colossal objects, every one of which was more than sufficient of itself to attract my whole attention. I seemed alone, in the midst of all that is most sacred in the world; a forest of enormous columns, adorned all round with beautiful figures and various ornaments from top to bottom; the graceful shape of the lotus which forms their capitals, and is so well proportioned to the columns; the gates, the walls, the pedestals, the architraves, also adorned in every part with symbolical figures in *low-relief*, representing battles, processions, triumphs, feasts, and sacrifices, all relating

to the ancient history of the country; the sanctuary wholly formed of fine red granite; the high portals, seen at a distance from the openings of this vast labyrinth of edifices; the various groups of ruins of the other temples within sight: these altogether had such an effect upon my soul, as to separate me in imagination, from the rest of mortals, exalt me on high above all, and cause me to forget entirely the trifles and follies of life. I was happy for a whole day, which escaped like a flash of lightning."

"It is absolutely impossible," again exclaims the same indefatigable traveller, in describing his visit to another temple, (Luxor,) "to imagine the scene displayed, without seeing it. The most sublime ideas that can be formed from the most magnificent specimens of our present architecture, would give a very incorrect picture of these ruins. It appeared to me like entering a city of giants, who after a long conflict were all destroyed, leaving ruins of their various temples as the only proof of their former existence."

So far Belzoni: and in this he is borne out by the learned Frenchman, Champollion, who speaks of Thebes in terms of equal admiration. "All that I had seen, all that I had learned on the left bank, appeared miserable in comparison with the gigantic conceptions by which I was surrounded at Karnac. I shall take care not to attempt to describe any thing; for either my description would not express the thousandth part of what ought to be said, or if I drew a faint sketch, I should be taken for an enthusiast, or perhaps, for a madman. It will suffice to add, that no people, either ancient or modern, ever conceived the art of architecture on so sublime, and so grand a scale, as the ancient Egyptians. Their conceptions were those of men a hundred feet high."

After Karnac and Luxor, the next grand building at Thebes was the Memnonium; that is, the tomb or palace of one of the Pharaohs, whom the Greeks supposed to be the same as Memnon. In the middle of the first court was the largest figure ever raised by the Egyptians,—the statue of the monarch, seventy-five feet high. Behind it, there was an entrance which led into a second court, surrounded by porticos supported by fifty other colossuses; and at the end of several porticos and different apartments was the celebrated library, at the entrance of which was an inscription, signifying 'The medicine of the mind.'

Belzoni, in his travels, gives a most interesting account of his discovering and opening the great tomb of Psammuthis at Thebes. He made on the spot drawings of all the figures, hieroglyphics, and ornaments in the sepulchre, and took impressions in wax,—a most laborious task, which occupied him more than a twelvemonth. The personal vigour of this enterprising traveller, guided by uncommon intelligence and energy, enabled him to accomplish objects which had before never been thought of, or had been attempted in vain. On his arrival in England, he constructed, and exhibited, a perfect fac-simile of the tomb, which some of our readers will, doubtless, recollect having seen.

THE ALABASTER SARCOPHAGUS.

It was in the tomb of Psammuthis, in the centre of the saloon, that Belzoni found the beautiful ALABASTER SARCOPHAGUS. This magnificent remnant of ancient days, which, most probably, once contained a royal mummy, has not its equal in the world. It is of the finest Oriental alabaster, nine feet five inches long, and three feet seven inches wide; and, though of considerable thickness, is highly transparent: this may be proved on placing a light within. It is minutely and richly sculptured, inside and outside, with several

hundred figures, of about two inches high, and at the bottom, within, is a graceful form, carved in outline, of the human shape and size, supposed to represent one of the numerous deities worshipped by the nations of early Egypt. This rich treasure is in the possession of Sir John Soane, in his Museum in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and remains altogether unrivalled in beauty and curiosity.

In considering these astonishing works, we can scarcely doubt the deserved eminence of the ancient Egyptians in the arts and sciences. Indeed, some of the most illustrious characters of Greece; Homer, Pythagoras, Plato, Lycurgus, and Solon, are said to have travelled thither to complete their studies, and to draw from that source whatever was most valuable in every kind of knowledge. But the Holy Scriptures themselves have incidentally given this testimony, when they speak of Moses as being *learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and mighty in words and deeds.* (Acts vii. 22.) Yet we wonder how the history of a people, which was once so great as to erect these mighty edifices, could be so far obscured, that even their language and method of writing are in a great degree unknown to us.

HIEROGLYPHICS.

MUCH has indeed been done of late, in deciphering hieroglyphics; and with the knowledge of them which is now gained, it may be hoped, that ere long, this picture-language of ancient Egypt may be read with correctness and certainty. The labours of M. Champollion in this department are well known. Among Englishmen, Mr. Wilkinson, an intelligent traveller, who has examined the tombs in Thebes, has pursued the subject with perseverance, and a gratifying degree of success. It was clear, that no master-key to these hidden stores could be obtained, unless some ancient inscription were found, written in hieroglyphics, as well as in some known language. Now, it so happens, that a stone of this kind actually exists among us; the celebrated ROSETTA STONE, found by the French in digging for the foundation of Fort St. Julian, near Rosetta. It is a large black stone, containing three inscriptions of the same import; namely, one in hieroglyphics, another in the ancient and common characters of the country, and another in Greek. Though imperfect, the stone being broken, the writing is sufficiently ample to form a most valuable guide in further researches. The visitor to the British Museum, may see in the Ninth Room, No. 65, this invaluable specimen, which records a decree of the Egyptian priests, in honour of Ptolemy Epiphanes; the leading events of his reign; his liberality to the temples; his conquests over certain rebellious subjects; his clemency towards some of the traitors; the measures he took against the fatal consequences of an excessive inundation of the Nile, and his generosity towards the College of the Priests. Proceeding upon this and other documents, Champollion published in 1824, his *Précis du Système Hieroglyphique*, a work of high interest and value, as affording light on some of the most intricate points that can engage the attention of the antiquary.

SCULPTURE.

BUT our admiration of ancient Egyptian skill will increase, when we take into account the nature of the materials on which they worked, in raising their temples, obelisks, and statues. The stones, particularly the granite and the breccia, are extremely hard, and we do not know with what tools they were cut. The tools of the present day will not cut granite without much difficulty; and there is a

great doubt, whether we could give it the fine smooth surface, and sharp clear edge, which we see so perfect in these ancient remains, some of which, in this respect, may be said to look as if they had been finished but yesterday. For an illustration of this, we may refer our readers to an admirable specimen of Egyptian sculpture in the British Museum, Ninth Room, No. 66. It consists of the head, and upper part of the body, of a colossal figure, brought from the Memnonium, and thence probably called, by mistake, the "Younger Memnon;" while the statue of the genuine Memnon, famous for his concert of *Music at sun-rise*, still exists at Thebes. The fragment, however, to which we have adverted, is well worthy of inspection, conveying a remarkable instance of preservation as a relic of art, and, at the same time, of the simple and pleasing expression of the Egyptian countenance.

THE PYRAMIDS.

WE must not here omit to touch, however briefly, on those "mysterious buildings," THE PYRAMIDS, as amazing monuments of power and industry. These structures have generally been viewed as relics of antiquity, and matters of curiosity only; but they are also important as furnishing a striking illustration of a portion of Sacred History. For various reasons, into which we have not room to enter at present, they may be supposed to have formed a portion of the labours of the Israelites before the Exodus; and we may rationally conjecture that Pharaoh—that is, one of the Pharaohs†, "the king who knew not Joseph," set the people to execute these works under task-masters, from a fear of their increasing numbers and strength.

It is intended, in a future number, to give some account of the proficiency of the ancient Egyptians in various manufactures, and to add, under the head of Egyptian Antiquities, a short notice respecting Mummies; when we propose saying something respecting the figures at the head of the present number.

* For a view and memoir of the Pyramids, see the *Saturday Magazine*, Vol. I., pp. 137-8; and for an account of the Cavern Temples and Tombs, Vol. II., p. 249.

† *Pharaoh* is a title of honour, and was applied to several Egyptian kings successively, for a very long period of time.

THE ANSWER OF THE EGYPTIAN MUMMY*.

CHILD of the latter days! thy words have broken
A spell that long has bound these lungs of clay,
For since this smoke-dried tongue of mine hath spoken,

Three thousand tedious years have rolled away.
Unswathed at length, I "stand at ease" before ye,
List, then, oh! list, while I unfold my story

THEBES was my birth-place—an unrivalled city,
With many gates, but here I might declare
Some strange plain truths, except that it were pity
To blow a poet's fabric into air;
Oh! I could read you quite a Theban lecture,
And give a deadly finish to conjecture.

But then you would not have me throw discredit
On grave historians—or on him who sung

THE ILIAD—true it is I never read it,
But heard it read when I was very young;
An old blind minstrel, for trifling profit,
Recited parts—I think the author of it.

All that I know about the town of HOMER,
Is, that they scarce would own him in his day,
Were glad, too, when he proudly turned a roamer,
Because by this they saved their *parish-pay*;
His townsmen would have been ashamed to flout him,
Had they foreseen the fuss since made about him.

One blunder I can fairly set at rest,
He says that men were once more big and bony
Than now, which is a bouncer at the best,
I'll just refer you to our friend Belzoni,
Near seven feet high! in sooth a lofty figure!
Now look at me, and tell me, am I *bigger*?

* See the ADDRESS TO THE MUMMY, p. 72 of this Volume.

Not half the size: but then I'm sadly dwndled;
 Three thousand years, with that embalming glue,
 Have made a serious difference, and have swindled
 My face of all its beauty—there were few
 Egyptian youths more gay,—behold the sequel,
 Nay smile not, you and I may soon be equal!

For this lean hand did one day hurl the lance
 With mortal aim—this light fantastic toe
 Threaded the mystic mazes of the dance:
 This heart hath throbbed at tales of love and woe,
 These shreds of raven hair once set the fashion,
 This withered form inspir'd the tender passion.

In vain! the skilful hand, and feelings warm,
 The foot that figur'd in the bright quadrille,
 The palm of genius and the manly form,
 All bowed at once to Death's mysterious will,
 Who sealed me up where Mummers sound are sleeping,
 In cere-cloth, and in tolerable keeping.

Where cows and monkeys squat in rich brocade,
 And well-dress'd crocodiles in painted cases,
 Rats, bats, and owls, and cats in masquerade,
 With scarlet flounces and with varnish'd faces;
 Men, birds, brutes, reptiles, fish, all cramm'd together*,
 With ladies that might pass for well-tanned leather.

Where Rameses and Sabacon lie down,
 And splendid Psammin in his hide of crust;
 Princes and heroes, men of high renown,
 Who in their day kicked up a mighty dust,—
 Their swarthy Mummers kicked up dust in numbers,
 When huge Belzoni came to scare their slumbers †!

Who'd think these rusty hams of mine were seated
 At Dido's‡ table, when the wond'rous tale
 Of "Juno's hatred" was so well repeated?
 And ever and anon the queen turned pale;
 Meanwhile the brilliant gas-lights, hung above her,
 Threw a wild glare upon her shipwrecked lover.

Aye, gas-lights! mock me not; we men of yore
 Were versed in all the knowledge you can mention,
 Who hath not heard of Egypt's peerless lore?
 Her patient toil? acuteness of invention?
 Survey the proofs,—our Pyramids are thriving,—
 Old Memnon still looks young, and I'm surviving.

A land in arts and sciences prolific,
 On blocks gigantic building up her fame!
 Crowded with signs, and letters hieroglyphic,
 Temples and obelisks her skill proclaim!
 Yet, though her art and toil unearthly seem,
 Those blocks were brought on RAIL-ROADS and by STEAM!.

How, when, and why, our people came to rear
 The Pyramid of Cheops§, mighty pile!
 This, and the other secrets thou shalt hear;
 I will unfold if thou wilt stay awhile;
 The hist'ry of the Sphinx, and who began it,
 Our mystic marks, and monsters made of granite.

Well, then, in grievous times, when king Cepheus—
 But, ha! what's this?—The shades of bards and kings
 Press on my lips their fingers! What they mean is,
 I am not to reveal these hidden things.
 Mortal, farewell! Till Science' self unbind them,
 Men must e'en take these secrets as they find them.

MUMMIUS.

* See BELZONI'S *Travels*.
 † "After the exertion of entering into a burial-place, through a passage of six-hundred yards in length, nearly overcome, I sought a resting-place, found one, and contrived to sit; but when my weight bore on the body of an Egyptian, it crushed it like a hand-box. I then had recourse to my hands to sustain my weight, but they found no support. So I sank among the broken mummies with a crash of bones, rags, and wooden cases, which altogether raised such a dust, as kept me motionless for a quarter of an hour, waiting till it had subsided."—BELZONI.

‡ Should the reader detect some slight anachronism in the Mummy's Answer, he will please to remember, that in point of chronology, Virgil himself was not particular about a century or two. His, as well as Ovid's poetical fiction, representing *Aeneas* as living in the age of Dido, involves an error of this kind, of nearly 300 years.

§ This, the largest of the Pyramids, was reckoned one of the Seven Wonders of the World.

THE SHEA, OR BUTTER-TREE.

ON the 24th of July, the people about Rabba, in Africa, were every where employed in collecting the fruit of the SHEA TREES, from which they prepare the vegetable butter.

These trees grow in great abundance all over this part of Bambarra. They are not planted by the natives, but are found growing naturally in the woods; and, in clearing wood-land for cultivation, every tree is cut down but the Shea.

The tree very much resembles the American oak, and the fruit, from the kernel of which, being first dried in the sun, the butter is prepared by boiling the kernel in water, has somewhat the appearance of a Spanish olive. The kernel is enveloped in a sweet

pulp, under a thin green rind; and the butter produced from it, besides the advantage of its keeping the whole year without salt, is whiter, firmer, and, to my palate, of a richer flavour than the best butter I ever tasted made from cows' milk. The growth and preparation of this commodity seem to be among the first objects of African industry, in this and the neighbouring states, and it constitutes a main article of their inland commerce. The annexed Engraving



LEAF AND FRUIT OF THE BUTTER-TREE

represents the specimen I gathered. The appearance of the fruit evidently places the Shea-tree in the natural order of *Sapotæ*; and it has some resemblance to the Maduca-tree, described by Lieut. CHARLES HAMILTON, in the *Asiatic Researches*.—MUNGO PARK.

VISIT TO THE SALT MINES OF HALL.

AFTER breakfast I proceeded to visit the mines, clothed in a suitable dress; and with a staff in my hand, and preceded by flambeaux, I followed my conductor into the mine. The visit commences with a descent of three hundred steps, when one may fairly believe himself in the bowels of the mountain.

'Tis a strange empire one finds in these dismal abodes: life is a different thing when sun-light is withdrawn; and there is an icy feeling falls upon the heart, as well as on the senses, when we look around these dismal galleries and dark walls, dimly lighted by a few ineffectual flambeaux, that convey truly the idea of "darkness visible;" and scan the dark subterranean lakes, whose extent and profundity the eye cannot guess but by the plunge of a fragment of the roof, and the dim glimmer of the lights; and hear the distant stroke of the miner's axe, far in the interior of the caverns. Still more do we feel the difference between the world above and regions such as these, when we reach the solitary miner, in some vast cavern, with his single candle, striking his axe ever and ever into the dull wall. But, along with these feelings, astonishment and admiration are engendered, at the power of man, whose perseverance has hollowed out the mountain; and with his seemingly feeble instruments—his human arms and little axe—has waged war with the colossal works of nature.

The results are, indeed, almost incredible. No fewer than forty-eight caverns have been formed, each from one to two acres in size. One of the galleries is three leagues in length; and I was assured that, to traverse all the galleries, six whole days would be required.—INGLIS'S *Tyrol*.

THE LOTUS.

THE Rhamnus Lotus of *Linnaeus*, (*Pentandria monogynia*), of which the annexed Engraving is a representation (though the leaves of the desert shrub are much smaller), is the Lotus of the ancients, of which it was commonly said, that those who ate of the fruit of it, forgot their native country, which is, perhaps, a poetical allusion to the ease and supposed comfort and happiness of a people, whose country produced fruit for them, without the labour of raising it.

This tree or shrub is disseminated over the edge of the Great Desert, from the coast of Cyrene, round by Tripoli and Africa proper, to the borders of the Atlantic, the Senegal, and the Niger. It bears small farinaceous berries, of a yellow colour, and delicious taste, called by the negroes *Tomberongs*. These berries are much esteemed by the natives, who convert them into a sort of bread, by exposing them, for some days, to the sun, and afterwards pounding them gently in a wooden mortar, until the farinaceous part of the berry is separated from the stone. This meal is then mixed with a little water, and formed into cakes, which, when dried in the sun, resemble, in colour and flavour, the sweetest ginger-bread. The stones are afterwards put into a vessel of water, and shaken about, so as to separate the meal which may adhere to them: this communicates a sweet and agreeable taste to the water, and, with the addition of a little pounded millet, forms a pleasant gruel called *Fondi*, which is the common breakfast in many parts of Sundamar, during the months of February and March. The fruit is collected by spreading a cloth upon the ground, and beating the branches with a stick.



THE RHAMNUS LOTUS.

As this shrub is found in Tunis, and also in the Negro kingdoms, and as it furnishes the natives of the latter with a food resembling bread, and also with a sweet liquor, which is much relished by them, there can be little doubt of its being the *Lotus* mentioned by Pliny, as the food of the Libyan *Lotophagi*. An army may very well have been fed with the bread I have tasted, made of the meal of the fruit, as is said by Pliny to have been done in Libya; and as the taste of the bread is sweet and agreeable, it is not likely the soldiers would complain of it.—MUNGO PARK and RENNELL.

L. C.

He that is good, will infallibly become better, and he that is bad, will as certainly become worse; for virtue, vice, and time, are three things that never stand still.—COLTON.

OATH OF WILLIAM RUFUS.

OUR English chroniclers represent William Rufus, on every occasion on which he used strong language, as employing an oath, "By St. Luke's face." Rapin and others call it his favourite oath. This is a very curious mistake, originating in a mistranslation of the Latin phrase of some ancient historian, probably Eadmer, or William of Malmesbury. "He swore," say they, "per vultum de Lucca, by the face of, or at Lucca, without the shadow of a reference to the Evangelist." The inquiry into this curious fact opens a passage of English history more fully than it is usually presented to us.

William the Second was a very headstrong and irreligious man, reckless of Providence, with ungovernable passions, self-willed, blind to danger, and regardless of duty. On one occasion of his employing the oath in question, these qualities showed themselves so prominently, and they so clearly develop the character of the man, that I take leave to insert the narrative more at length than the bare explanation of his oath might require.

The king was in the full enjoyment of a hunting-party when a messenger, from beyond sea, brought him tidings that a town which had lately fallen into his hands was besieged by the enemy. Instantly, equipped as he was for the chase, he turned his horse's head, and made for the sea. On his attendants suggesting the propriety of waiting till his forces could be collected and marshalled, he scornfully replied, "I shall see who will follow me. Think ye I shall not have an army." He arrived at the coast almost alone. The wind was contrary, the weather stormy, and the sea in dreadful agitation. Resolved to pass over at the moment, when the mariners remonstrated and implored him to wait for a less foul sea and sky, he exclaimed impetuously, "I never yet heard of a king perishing by shipwreck; loose the cables, I say, instantly. You shall see the elements conspire in their obsequiousness to me." William crossed in safety, and the first rumour of his landing scattered the besiegers. A leading man among them, one Helias (the Earl of Flesche, his competitor for the Earldom of Maine), was taken prisoner, and brought before the king, who saluted him with a jeer, "I have you, master." To this his high-minded captive (whom as the historian remarks, his imminent danger could not teach prudence or humble language,) replied, "It was by mere chance you took me; if I could escape, I know what I would do." Upon this William, almost beside himself with rage and fury, *clenching his fist* at Helias, exclaimed, "You rascal! what would you do? Begone! away! fly!" and "By the face of Lucca (*per vultum de Lucca*) if you conquer me, I will make no terms with you for this free pardon."

In consequence of different legends of "The Holy Face" existing in the Church of Rome, I was for some time under a mistake as to the real origin of this oath. "The Face of Lucca," however, by which William swore, was undoubtedly a crucifix in that town. Butler, in a note on the life of *St. Veronica of Milan*, calls it a very ancient *miraculous* crucifix, in the Chapel of the Holy Cross in the Cathedral dedicated to St. Martin. Lord Lyttelton says, "There is at Lucca, in Tuscany, an ancient figure of Christ brought there miraculously, as they pretend, and which they say still continues to work miracles. They call it *Il santo volto di Lucca*, and are so proud of possessing it, that it is stamped on their coin with this legend, *Sanctus vultus de Luca*."

An oath very similar to this of William,—"By the Holy Face."—is used to the present day in

Spain, especially in Valencia. Its origin is found in one of the most engaging and affecting, but not on that account less unfounded, legends of the church of Rome.

Many of the Romish legends sprang, unhappily, from less worthy motives than mistaken zeal for the Gospel, and we can only lament the depravity which would employ the religion of Jesus as an instrument for compassing selfish, ambitious, and worldly objects. Even when we are required in charity, to refer the invention of a legend to a well-intentioned, but misguided, zeal, however the imagination may be pleased, and our interest excited by the narrative, no sooner do we reflect upon it, as an unhallowed auxiliary to the word of the Eternal and Omnipotent One, than we turn from it in shame, and pain, and sorrow. Such is the "Legend of the Holy Face."

As our blessed Lord, so runs the tale, was bearing his cross towards Calvary, overwhelmed by the weight which pressed his soul, and bent his body to the earth, he stumbled three times. In Spain there are prints representing this affecting scene, and called, "The three Falls." On one of these moments of anguish, a female from Verona, with an affectionate desire to relieve his suffering, wiped his face with a handkerchief, thrice folded: an exact image of his countenance was left impressed on each of the three folds. One of these the people in Valencia pretend to be still kept in a cathedral of their own, exhibiting it on certain holy days with much ceremonial solemnity. And by this "holy face" they swear.—TYLER on *Oaths*.

BRUCE AND THE SPIDER.

It was, probably, about this time, that an incident took place, which, although it rests only on tradition in the families of the name of Bruce, is rendered probable by the manners of the times. After receiving the last unpleasing intelligence from Scotland, Bruce was lying one morning on his wretched bed, and deliberating with himself, whether he had not better resign all thoughts of again attempting to make good his right to the Scottish crown, and, dismissing his followers, transport himself and his brothers to the Holy Land, and spend the rest of his life in fighting against the Saracens: by which he thought, perhaps, he might deserve the forgiveness of Heaven for the great sin of stabbing Comyn in the church at Dumfries. But then, on the other hand, he thought it would be both criminal and cowardly to give up his attempts to restore freedom to Scotland, while there yet remained the least chance of his being successful in an undertaking, which, rightly considered, was much more his duty than to drive the infidels out of Palestine, though the superstition of the age might think otherwise.

While he was divided betwixt these reflections, and doubtful of what he should do, Bruce was looking upward to the roof of the cabin in which he lay, and his eye was attracted by a spider, which, hanging at the end of a long thread of his own spinning, was endeavouring, as is the fashion of that creature, to swing himself from one beam in the roof to another, for the purpose of fixing the line on which he meant to stretch his web. The insect made the attempt again and again without success; and at length Bruce counted that it had tried to carry its point six times, and been as often unable to do it. It came into his head, that he had himself fought just six battles against the English and their allies, and that the poor persevering spider was exactly in the same situation with himself, having made as many trials, and been as often disappointed in what it aimed at. "Now," thought Bruce, "as I have no means of knowing what is best to be done, I will be guided by the luck which shall attend this spider. If the insect shall make another effort to fix its thread, and shall be successful, I will venture a seventh time to try my fortune in Scotland; but if the spider shall fail, I will go to the wars in Palestine, and never return to my native country again."

While Bruce was forming this resolution, the spider made another exertion with all the force it could muster,

and fairly succeeded in fastening its thread to the beam which it had so often in vain attempted to reach. Bruce, seeing the success of the spider, resolved to try his own fortune; and as he never before gained a victory, so he never afterwards sustained any considerable check or defeat. I have often met with people of the name of Bruce, so completely persuaded of the truth of this story, that they would not, on any account, kill a spider, because it was such an insect which had shown the example of perseverance, and given a signal of good luck, to their great namesake.—*Tales of a Grandfather*.

ANECDOTE OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

I WILL give you a somewhat curious anecdote, on the truth of which you may rely. Stimulated by curiosity, I rode up to a neighbouring eminence, to observe the motions of our own army, which had already commenced retiring, as well as those of the enemy, who, from the occasional pushing forward of their skirmishers, seemed intent on some further operations. On this height were several officers, one of whom was seated, while his horse was held by an orderly dragoon, and the others standing around him. I had approached within a few yards of them before I observed that the principal object in the group was Lord Wellington. In a moment my attention was arrested. He was at luncheon, and in the act of adding mustard to a slice of meat which had just been deposited upon his plate, when the following colloquy took place:—

"The enemy are moving, my lord," said one of the staff-officers to his commander, already busily engaged in the office of mastication. "Very well," replied his lordship, "take the glass, Somerset, and tell me what they seem to be about," at the same time continuing his meal with every appearance of *nonchalance*. The officer did so for about a minute.

"I think they are extending to the left, my lord."

"Are they, indeed!" exclaimed Lord Wellington, springing on his feet; "give me the glass quickly."

He took it, and for a short space continued observing the motions of the enemy. "Come, I think this will do at last," he exclaimed. "Ride off instantly, and tell Clinton and Leith to return as quickly as possible to their former ground."

In a moment all his staff were in motion, Lord Wellington mounted his horse and I returned to my regiment, which, as our division was intended to form the rear of the retreat, had not yet begun to move. Such was the promptitude and rapidity with which a decision affecting the fate of nations was formed by the master mind of our Great Commander.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

MAY-DAY.

QUEEN of fresh flowers,
Whom vernal stars obey,
Bring thy warm showers,
Bring thy genial ray.
In nature's greenest livery drest,
Descend on earth's expectant breast,
To earth and Heaven a welcome guest.
Thou merry month of May!

Mark! how we meet thee
At dawn of dewy day!
Hark! how we greet thee
With our roundelay!
While all the goodly things that be
In earth, and air, and ample sea,
Are waking up to welcome thee,
Thou merry month of May!

Flocks on the mountains,
And birds upon their spray,
Tree, turf, and fountains
All hold holiday;
And Love, the life of living things,
Love waves his torch, and claps his wings,
And loud and wide thy praises sing,
Thou merry month of May!

HEBER.

FEAR is one of the passions of human nature, of which it is impossible to divest it. When the Emperor Charles the Fifth read upon the tomb-stone of a Spanish nobleman, "Here lies one who never knew fear," he wittily said, "Then he never snuffed a candle with his fingers."—JOHNSON.

CEYLON LEECHES.

THERE is a species of Leech which infests, in immense numbers, the woods and swampy grounds of Ceylon, particularly in the rainy season, to the great annoyance of every one who passes through them. The leeches of this species are very small, not much larger than a pin; and are of a dark-red speckled colour. In their motions they do not crawl like a worm, or like the leeches we are accustomed to see in Europe; but keep constantly springing, by first fixing their head on a place, and then bringing their tail up to it with a sudden jerk, while at the same time their head is thrown forwards for another hold. In this manner they move so exceeding quickly, that before they are perceived, they contrive to get upon one's clothes, when they immediately endeavour by some aperture to find an entrance to the skin. As soon as they reach it, they begin to draw blood; and as they can effect this even through the light clothing worn in this climate, it is almost impossible to pass through the woods and swamps in rainy weather without being covered with blood. On our way to Candy, in marching through the narrow paths among the woods, we were terribly annoyed by these vermin; for whenever any of us sat down, or even halted for a moment, we were sure to be immediately attacked by multitudes of them; and before we could get rid of them, our gloves and boots were filled with blood. This was attended with no small danger; for if a soldier were, from drunkenness or fatigue, to fall asleep on the ground, he must have perished by bleeding to death. On rising in the morning, I have often found my bed-clothes and skin covered with blood in an alarming manner. The Dutch, in their marches into the interior at different times, lost several of their men; and on our setting out, they told us that we should hardly be able to make our way for them. But, though we were terribly annoyed, we all escaped without any serious accident. Other animals, as well as man, are subject to the attack of these leeches. Horses in particular, from their excessive plunging and kicking to get rid of these creatures when they fasten upon them, render it very unsafe for any one to ride through the woods of the interior.—*PERCIVAL'S Ceylon.*

A LITTLE turn happened lately to a parishioner, which in former times, when events were viewed under aspects different from those by which we now regard them, might have occasioned more wonderment and comment than it did. An industrious labouring man had been some time unemployed; and having sought an engagement at all those places most likely to have afforded it, but without success, sat himself down upon a bank in one of our potato-fields, carelessly twisting a straw, and ruminating what his next resource might be; when casting his eyes to the ground, he discovered, immediately between his feet, a guinea! a guinea perfect in all its requisites! The finding of such a coin, at such a time, was no common occurrence; but by what casualty did the money come there? The frequenters of our fields, breakers of stone, and delvers of the soil, inhabitants of the tenement and the cot, have no superfluous gold to drop unheeded in their progress, and one should have supposed, that the various operations which the field had undergone in the potato-culture, would have brought to view any coin of that size and lustre. Upon looking at the land, however, much of our perplexity was removed, by observing that the ground had been in part manured by scrapings from our turnpike-road, rendering it highly probable, that this golden stranger had been dropped by some traveller, not missed by him, or lost in the mire, this mortar from the road possibly so coating it about, as to secrete it for a time, some heavy rain dissolving the clod, and bringing it to view. This, I am sensible, is an incident little deserving of narration, but has been done from two motives: we village-historians meet with but few important events to detail from the annals of our district: we have no gazettes, few public records, or official documents, to embellish our pages, and if we will write, must be content with such small matters as present themselves; and to point out, how frequently very mysterious circumstances may be elucidated, and appear as consistent events by an unbiased examination. We may not be able always satisfactorily to see why a tide of good fortune should flow at the desire of one, and ebb from the wishes of another, yet many of the occurrences of human life, are, perhaps, not so extraordinary as they are made to appear by the suppression of facts, or our ignorance of circumstances.—*Journal of a Naturalist.*

As the man of pleasure, by a vain attempt to be more happy than any man can be, is often more miserable than most men are; so the sceptic, in a vain attempt to be wise, beyond what is permitted to man, plunges into a darkness more deplorable, and a blindness more incurable, than that of the common herd whom he despises, and would fain instruct. For the more precious the gift, the more pernicious ever will be the abuse of it, as the most powerful medicines are the most dangerous, if misapplied; and no error is so remediless as that which arises, not from the exclusion of wisdom, but from its perversion. The sceptic, when he plunges into the depths of infidelity, like the miser who leaps from the shipwreck, will find that the treasures which he bears about him, will only sink him deeper in the abyss.—*COLTON.*

TENDERNESS, delicacy, and gentleness, are certainly the appropriate qualities of a woman; but they are more the means of virtue, than virtues themselves, and if a woman satisfies herself with the mere possession of these qualities, without considering their use, she may suffer them to degenerate into faults. For instance, if her tenderness makes her helpless and useless, if it destroys her fortitude in bearing evils, and her exertion in repelling them; if her delicacy makes her whimsical, capricious, and proud; her gentleness, indolent and selfish, these qualities become vices instead of virtues.

Her tenderness is the stimulus to all her benevolent and Christian duties; delicacy, her shield against the contaminating blasts of vice and vulgarity; gentleness of spirit, her guard against anxiety, and imitation in the active routine of her necessary and beneficial employments.

—*Mrs. KING.*

CHRISTIANITY forbids no necessary occupations, no reasonable indulgences, no innocent relaxations. It allows us to use the world, provided we do not abuse it. It does not spread before us a delicious banquet, and then come with a "touch not, taste not, handle not." All it requires is, that our liberty degenerate not into licentiousness, our amusements into dissipation, our industry into incessant toil, our carefulness into extreme anxiety and endless solicitude. So far from forbidding us to engage in business, it expressly commands us not to be slothful in it, and to labour with our hands for the things that be needful; it enjoins every one to abide in the calling wherein he was called, and perform all the duties of it. It even stigmatizes those that provide not for their own, with telling them that they are worse than infidels. When it requires us "to be temperate in all things," it plainly tells us, that we *may* use *all* things temperately; when it directs us, "to make our moderation known unto all men," this evidently implies, that within the bounds of moderation we may enjoy all the reasonable conveniences and comforts of the present life.

—*BISHOP PORTEUS.*

UNTO them that love him, God causeth all things to work for the best. So that with Him, by the heavenly light of steadfast faith, they see life even in death; with Him, even in heaviness and sorrow, they fail not of joy and comfort; with Him, even in poverty, affliction, and trouble, they neither perish, nor are forsaken.—*MILES COVERDALE.*

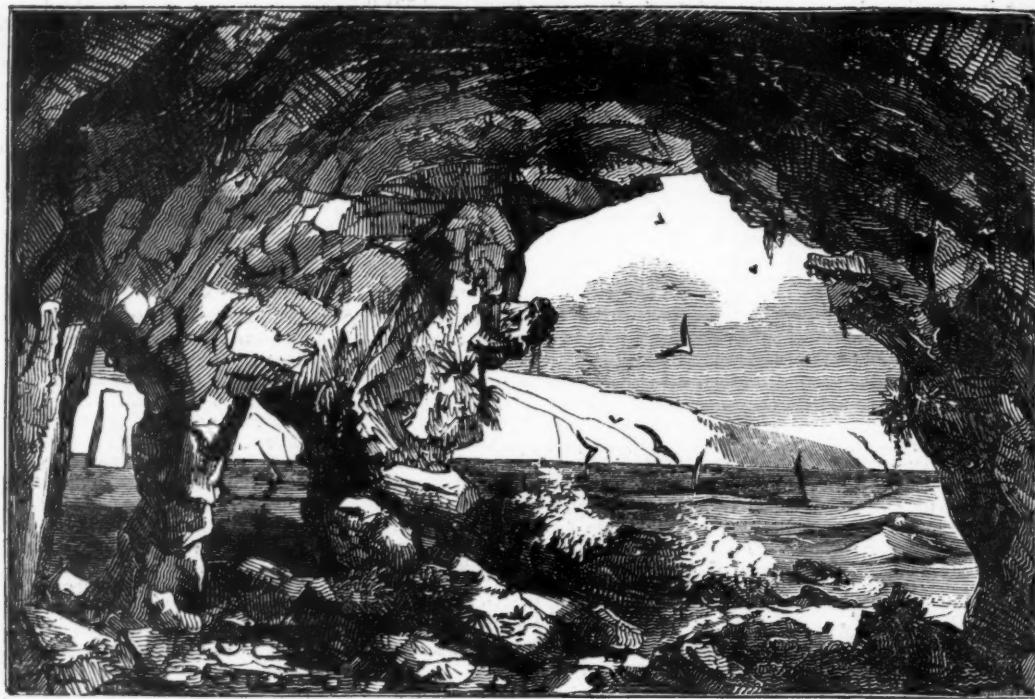
He who saith there is no such thing as an honest man, you may be sure is himself a knave.—*BISHOP BERKELEY.*

We all live upon the hope of pleasing somebody; and the pleasure of pleasing ought to be greatest, and, at least, always will be greatest, when our endeavours are exerted in consequence of our duty.—*DR. JOHNSON.*

FILIAL RESPECT.—When Sir Thomas More was Lord Chancellor of England, and Sir John, his father, one of the judges of the King's Bench, he would, in Westminster-Hall, beg his blessing of him on his knees.—*FULLER.*

TAKE a heretic, a rebel, a person that hath an ill cause to manage; what he is deficient in the strength of his cause, he makes up with diligence; while he that hath right on his side, is cold, indolent, lazy, inactive, trusting that the goodness of his cause will not fail to prevail without assistance. So wrong prevails, while evil persons are zealous, and the good remiss.—*JEREMY TAYLOR.*

THE ISLE OF WIGHT.



FRESHWATER CAVERN.

No I.

THE western extremity of the Isle of Wight was anciently styled the *Isle of Freshwater*, from the circumstance of the river, which here crosses the island, rising within a few hundred yards of the beach to the south, and flowing out at Yarmouth, on the northern coast, and thus almost forming a separation between the two portions of the isle. From Freshwater Bay to the Needles, which are at the extreme west, and thence round the coast to Alum Bay, the entire range of cliff is of the most sublime description; and, especially when viewed from the sea, it presents an uninterrupted succession of that bold and imposing outline so characteristic of the British shores.

The scenery of Freshwater Bay is one of the most attractive features of this picturesque and far-famed island. The wild range of perpendicular cliffs, surmounted by the verdure of the downs that appear above them, forming a striking contrast with the snowy surface of the chalk,—the waves gently swelling to their base, or dashing in wild confusion against their sides,—the sea-fowl issuing from the cavities of the rock, wheeling aloft and balancing themselves in mid-air, or plunging in search of their prey beneath the waters,—the boats of the fishermen busied in the labours of their perilous calling,—the shipping in the Channel,—combined with the different appearances of the changing seasons and varying weather, altogether yield a picture of the most pleasing and animating description.

These cliffs are peculiarly remarkable for the prodigious numbers of aquatic birds that frequent them, more especially during the summer-months, with the purpose of depositing and hatching their eggs among the crevices of the rocks, which afford them a secure asylum from the weather; though even here they are not beyond the reach of man, their unwearied persecutor. The inhabitants of the island, for the sake of their down and eggs, descend, at the hazard of their lives, from the brow of the cliff above, suspended

merely by a rope attached to the waist, and thus explore, at leisure, every hollow of the rock, much in the manner practised by the inhabitants of the Shetland Isles*.

The upper part of the bay, where cliffs begin to rise in romantic grandeur, is remarkable for the cave, of which we have given an Engraving. This cave, opening under the cliff, expands into a marine grotto of considerable dimensions, and forms an interesting and impressive object to the curious traveller. A slight pier of chalk divides the mouth of the cave into two unequal arches, beyond the smaller of which is another of the same size. The principal arch is between twenty and thirty feet in height. The entire depth of the cavern is about one hundred and twenty feet, but the height rapidly diminishes till it becomes too low to be explored. The interior of the arches, with their dark mantle of moss and sea-weed, forms a fine contrast to the white chalky cliffs outside; and the sea-view from the upper part of the cave, with its wild fore-ground, formed by large fragments of the rock which lie scattered at the feet of the spectator, is strikingly beautiful. Through the lesser opening are seen the opposite cliffs of Freshwater Bay; while the main arch displays a wide expanse of ocean, and, in the distance, the noble summit of St. Catherine's Hill. The floor of the cave is a clear pebbly beach, strewn with masses of the rock of every size and shape; and, being washed by each returning tide, is always dripping with the briny moisture, which, added to the cool crystal drops that continually trickle from the roof above, gives a reviving freshness to this retreat, that in the hot months of summer is inexpressibly delightful.

E. A. I.

* See Saturday Magazine, Vol. II., p. 220.

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